

SECRETARY OF NAVY APPROVES SYSTEM

New Style of Accounting
Shows a Decided
Saving.

The Secretary of the Navy has approved the new accounting system that has been undergoing a test at the Boston Navy Yard and has ordered its extension to all the navy yards in the country.

The adoption of the new system is regarded as a victory for those officers who have been trying for years to simplify the methods of accounting in use in the navy and to obtain the adoption of some system that would not only reduce the amount of paper work, but at the same time would show clearly just how the various departments and divisions stand and what proportion of the expense of operation each is costing. This is the central feature of the new system, and its working out in practice has demonstrated its thoroughness and simplicity so clearly that Secretary Meyer has not hesitated to endorse it.

Some of the important features of the new system include the substitution of a single payroll in place of the two now in use; the possibility of striking a daily balance; the closing out of all job accounts immediately on the completion of the work; and a decrease in the expense of keeping the accounts. The various expense accounts will be kept in such a manner that shop foremen will be shown clearly their shop expenses and where retrenchment will be possible.

No additional clerical force is needed to inaugurate the system, and when it is fully established, a smaller force than is at present employed can keep the system going.

ARMY MEN FAVOR PLAN OF ELLIOTT

Want Military Schools Established
In Every State.

Army officers are discussing with interest the plan proposed by Maj. Gen. George F. Elliott, commanding the United States Marine Corps, to establish in every State a military school so that young men may be trained to provide an army reserve to be called upon in time of war.

It is the hope of General Elliott that Congress may become interested in his plan at the coming session and establish one school as an experiment.

General Elliott thinks that General Chaffee is entirely wrong in advocating conscription in time of war.

"It would cause rioting," he declares.

FOUNDER OF PAPER DEAD.
FRANKFORT, Germany, Nov. 1.—Leopold Sonnemann, founder of the Frankfurter Zeitung, is dead, at the age of seventy-eight.

TRUXTON KING

A STORY OF GRAUSTARK
BY
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Truxton King, a young New Yorker, handsome and wealthy, sealer of romance and adventure, goes to Graustark, the country said to contain the most beautiful world in the world. The girl of his fancy and dreams he meets in the shop of the royal sword maker, a man by the name of Spantiz. Later he is told by Baron Dangloss that the girl, Olga Platanova, Spantiz's niece, is a "red."

King, who is a "red," is the local leader. John Tullis, an American, is the constant companion of the prince and the real power behind the throne. King is put down as a spy brought over from America by Tullis.

King is being watched by "the committee of ten," conspirators against the throne, of which Spantiz is the local leader. John Tullis, an American, is the constant companion of the prince and the real power behind the throne. King is put down as a spy brought over from America by Tullis.

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CHAPTER VIII (Continued.)

HE could not find Baron Dangloss that night nor early the next day, Hobbs, after being stigmatized as the only British coward in the world, changed his mind and made ready to accompany King to the hovel in Ganlook Gap.

By noon the streets in the vicinity of the Plaza were filled with strange, rough-looking men, undeniably laborers. "Who are they?" demanded King, as they rode past a particularly sullen, forbidding crowd at the corner below the city hall.

"There's a strike on among the men who are building the railroad," said Hobbs. "Tightly looking crowd, eh?"

"A strike? Gad, it's positively home-like."

"I heard a bit ago that the matter has been adjusted. They go back to work tomorrow, slight increase in pay and a big decrease in work. They were to have had their answer today. Mr. Tullis, I hear, was instrumental in

having the business settled without a row."

"They'd better look out for these fellows," said King, very soberly. "I don't like the appearance of 'em. They look like cutthroats."

"Take my word for it, sir, they are. They're the riffraff of all Europe. You should have seen them of a Sunday, sir, before the order went out closing the drinking places on that day. My word, they took the town. There was no living here for the decent people. Women couldn't go out of their houses."

"I hope Baron Dangloss knows how to handle them?" in some anxiety. "By the way, remind me to look up the baron just as soon as we get back to town this evening."

"If we ever get back!" muttered the unhappy Mr. Hobbs. Prophetic lamentation!

In due time they rode into the somber solitudes of Ganlook Gap and up to the witch's glen. Here Mr. Hobbs balked. He refused to adventure further than the mouth of the stony ravine. Truxton approached the hovel alone, without the slightest trepidation. The gooseherd grandson was driving a flock of geese across the green bowl below the cabin. The American called out to him, and a moment later the youth, considerably excited, drove his geese up to the door. He could understand no English, nor could Truxton make out what he was saying in his native tongue. While they were vainly haranguing each other, the old woman appeared at the edge of the thicket above the hut. Uttering shrill exclamations, she hurried down to confront King with blazing eyes. He felt back, momentarily dismayed. Her horrid grin of derision brought a flush to his cheek; he faced her quite coolly.

"I'll lay you a hundred gavvos that the kettle and smoke experiment is a fake of the worst sort," he announced, after a somewhat lengthy appeal to be allowed to enter the hut as a simple seeker after knowledge.

"Have it your own way! Have it your own way!" she cackled. "Tell you what I'll do; if I can't expose that trick in ten minutes, I'll make you a present of a hundred gavvos."

She took him up like a flash, a fact which startled and disconcerted him not a little. Her very eagerness argued ill for his proposition. Still, he was in for it; he was determined to get inside the hut and solve the mystery, if it were possible. Exposure of the witch would at least attract the interest, if not the approval, of a certain young lady in purple and fine linen. That was surely worth while.

With a low, mocking bow, the shriveled hag stood aside and motioned for him to precede her into the hovel. He

looked back at Mr. Hobbs. That gentleman's eyes seemed to be starting from his head.

"A hundred gavvos is a fortune not easily to be won," said the old dame. "How can I be sure that you will pay me if you lose?"

"It is in my pocket, madam. If I don't pay, you may instruct your excellent grandson to crack me over the head. He looks as though he'd do it for a good deal less money, I'll say that for him."

"He is honest—as honest as his grandnephew," cried the old woman. She bestowed a toothless grin upon him. "Now what is it you want to do?"

"They were standing in the center of the wretched living room. The goose-boy was in the door, looking on with strangely alert, questioning eyes, ever and anon peering over his shoulder toward the spot where Hobbs stood with the horses. He seemed to be gazing from the face of the old woman, a rat-like smile touching the corners of his fuzzi-lips.

"I want to go through that kitchen, just to satisfy myself of one or two things," King was looking hard at the crack in the kitchen door. Suddenly he started as if shot.

The staring, burning eye was again looking straight at him from the gloom, without the slightest trepidation. The gooseherd grandson was driving a flock of geese across the green bowl below the cabin. The American called out to him, and a moment later the youth, considerably excited, drove his geese up to the door. He could understand no English, nor could Truxton make out what he was saying in his native tongue.

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He reached her in time, his strong arms grasping the frail, bent figure as it sank to the floor. As he lifted her bodily from her feet, intent upon carrying her to the open air, her bony fingers sank into his arm with the grip of death, and—could he believe his ears!—a low, mocking laugh came from her lips.

Down where the pebbly houseyard merged into the mossy banks Mr. Hobbs sat tight, still staring with gloomy eyes at the dark little hut up the glen. His sturdy knees were pressing the skirts of the saddle with a firmness that left no room for doubt as to the tension his nerves were under. Now and then he murmured "My word!" but he could tell. A quarter of an hour had passed since King disappeared through the doorway. Mr. Hobbs was getting nervous.

The shiftless, lanky gooseherd came forth in time, and lazily drove his scattered flock off into the lower glen. The horses were becoming impatient. To his extreme discomfort, not to say apprehension, they were constantly pricking their ears forward and snorting in the direction of the hovel; a very puzzling circumstance, thought Mr. Hobbs. At this point he began to say "dammit!" and with some sense of appreciation, too.

Presently his eye caught sight of a thin stream of smoke, rather black than blue, arising from the little chimney at the rear of the cabin. His eyes drew very wide open; his heart experienced a sudden throb; his mind, the unexplained smoke mystery of the day before. It was on the end of his tongue to cry out to his unseen patron, to urge him to leave the witch to her deviltry and come along home, when the old woman herself appeared in the doorway—alone. She sat down upon the doorstep, putting

away at a long pipe, her hooded face almost invisible from the distance which he resolutely held. He felt that she was eyeing him with grim interest. For a few minutes he waited, a sickening doubt growing up in his soul. A single glance showed him that the chimney was no longer emitting smoke. It seemed to him that the old woman was losing all semblance of life. She was no more than a black, inanimate heap of rags piled against the doorjamb.

Hobbs let out a shout. The horses plunged viciously. Slowly the bundle of rags took shape. The old woman arose and hobbled toward him, leaning upon a great cane.

"Where—where's Mr. King?" called out Hobbs. She stopped above him and he could see her face. Mr. Hobbs was chilled to the bone. Her arm was raised, a bony finger pointing to the treetops above her hovel.

"He's gone. Didn't you see him? He went off among the treetops. You won't see him again." She waited a moment, and then went on, in most ingratiating tones: "Would you care to come into my house? I can show you the road he took. You—"

But Mr. Hobbs, his hair on end, had dropped the reins of King's horse and was putting boot to his own beast, whirling frantically into the path that led away from the hated, damned spot! Down the road he crashed, pursued by the efforts of those famed ladies of Tam O'Shanter in the long ago; if he had looked over his shoulder, he might have discovered that he was followed by a riderless horse, nothing more.

But a riderless horse is a gruesome thing—sometimes.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

AWAY GOES INDIGESTION, GAS, AND ALL STOMACH MISERY

A little Diapepsin relieves
bad Stomachs in five
minutes.

As there is often some one in your family who suffers an attack of indigestion or some form of stomach trouble, why don't you keep some Diapepsin in the house handy?

This harmless blessing will digest anything you can eat without the slightest discomfort, and overcome a sour, gassy stomach five minutes after.

Tell your pharmacist to let you read the formula, plainly printed on these 50-cent boxes of Diapepsin, then you will readily see why it makes indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and other distress go in five minutes and relieves at once such misery, as Belching

of Gas, Eructations of sour undigested food, Nausea, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation and other Stomach disorders.

Some folks have tried so long to find relief from Indigestion and Dyspepsia or an out-of-order stomach with the common every-day cures advertised that they have almost made up their minds that they have something else wrong, or believe theirs is a case of Nervousness, Gastritis, Catarrh of the Stomach or Cancer.

This, no doubt, is a serious mistake. Your real trouble is, what you eat does not digest; instead, it ferments and turns to acid. Gas and Stomach poison, which putrefy in the digestive tract and intestines, and, besides, poison the breath with nauseous odors.

A hearty appetite, with thorough digestion, and without the slightest indigestion or misery of the Stomach, is waiting for you as soon as you decide to try Diapepsin.

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It's the most satisfactory garment made, distinctive in style, splendidly made and exceedingly low priced.

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18c Pk. 69c Bu.

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Tall cans Evap. Milk 8c

Sugar Butter, can 19c

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Enamel Playing Cards, good quality. Regular price, 15c 74c

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Clothes on Credit

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Get them now when you need them most and pay for them while you're wearing them. Our prices are the lowest anywhere.

Come to the House of Honest Bargains.

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COKE

is the Fuel

—To use for Cooking. It ignites quickly and burns freely. Quite inexpensive, too.

50 Bushels Large Coke, delivered, \$2.50

60 Bushels Large Coke, delivered, \$3.75